RIGHT ROYAL GREETING TO THE PRESI-DENT IN ATLANTA TO-DAY.

The Populace Fills the Streets to Give a Cordial Reception - Cheers for Mrs. Cleve-land-Visiting the Exposition this Afternoon-The Arrangements for To-morroy (SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 18.-After a day of dismfort and drenching rain the sun shines brightly again and the populace are all outof-doors to greet the President. Despite the unpropitious weather, the railroad on was surrounded by a of humanity when the train President's party arrived. The esident was taken in hand by the Hon. Henry W. Grady, Senator Joseph E. Brown, Gov. Gordon, and others. He was conducted directly to the Kimball House through a passageway made by the Young Men's Democratic League, who stood in double file with torches in their hands. Mrs. Cleveland was loudly cheered. The President and his wife were at once taken to their rooms.

The programme for the entertainment of the President is exhaustive and unique. The party visited the Legislature, which is in sion, and several of the members were esented to the President. Just before on they arrived at the Exposition. The exercises there are expected to last till nearly 4 o'clock. Mr. Henry W. Grady has been detegated to introduce the President, who will nake a speech.

After the exercises the President and intlemen in his party will be entertained at

gentlemen in his party will be entertained at dinner by Gov. Gordon. At the same hour Mrs. Cleveland and the ladies of the party, with other visiting ladies, will be entertained at lunch by Mrs. J. H. Porter. This evening the President and Mrs. Cleveland will witness the pyrotechnical display, in which their pictures will be shown in fire. After viewing the display of fireworks the President and Mrs. Cleveland will proceed to the Capital City Club reception.

The club-house has been beautifully decorated. The entire front lawn has been floored over and covered with water-proof canvas, making a brilliant room, lighted by electricity. The entire house is decorated with beautiful flowers, arranged by an artist from Cincinnati. The supper will be served in the billiard room up stairs, the entire ground floor being given up to the reception of visitors. Six hundred invitations have already been issued, and the guests include not only the best society of Atlanta, but representatives of the best society of Savannah. Augusta, Macon, Columbus, Athens, Rome, Nashville, Mobile, New Orleans, Montgemery and other Southern cities.

Cities.

To-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock Senator Joseph E. Brown will entertain the President at dinner. A ladies reception will be given in honor of Mrs. Cleveland at 4 o'clock at the residence of Mr. Henry W. Grady. Wednesday evening President and Mrs. Cleveland will receive the public at the Executive Mansion, assisted by Gov. and Mrs. Gordon. It is estimated now that over 50,000 persons will take part in the torchlight procession to-morrow night, and when the President leaves at midnight it will be amid salyos of artillery and the shouts of as many. Georgia throats as can be packed within three miles.

A Mussive Nugget of Gold.

[Ballarat Despatch to Melbourne Argus.]
The Ballarat correspondent of the Melbourne Argus telegraphed on Aug. 20: "This morning an extraordinary incident occurred, when an im-mense nugget, weighing about fifty-one pounds o pure gold, was unearthed in the now famous Midas mine at Sukky guily. This mine is on the property of Sir William Clarke, known as Dowling Forest, and on several occasions lately nuggets varying in size, though small, have been obtained. To-day's discovery, however, eclipses anything of the kind that has been known for many years in Victoria. The news of it created considerable existement in this city. The first public initimation of it was obtained in a rather curious manner. A man was observed by the large crowd of shareholders who congregate at the corper to be walking down Sturt street, carrying a back containing what to appearance was like a small pig, but his strange burden was soon found to be the nugget, and he was followed by an excited and questioning crowd.

and he was followed by an excited and questioning crowd.

The nugget is flat, and has something the contour of a collossal hand held open, with the thumb and finger held close together. Its greatest length it welve and one-half inches, and breadth eight and one-half inches, and it varies in thickness up to two and one-half inches. It is apparently pure gold and weighs elf ounces. It was found in the northwest main drive, in the direction of the No. 2 that, 19 feet from the surface, and at a spot fifty feet from where the Lady Brassey nugget was recently found. A cast will be taken of the nugget before it is broken up. It is estimated to contain fifty-one pounds of pure gold worth about £51 per pound, and the find represents an addition to the company's revenue of about £56,000.

Bad Boat Clubs on the Thames

[London Correspondence Indianapolis News.] Being a boating man myself, and interested in ng matters; I was not many days here before I took a Thames steamer and was wafted under I took a Thames steamer and was wafted under the Westminster bridge and far up under many other noble bridges of a similar character, to the hauts of the oarsmen. Over the same course that has been the scene of many famous trials of still and muscle we steamed one sultry afternoon. If disappointment was great I need not assure those who have been there. The club-houses of the boating men are not worthy the name. In fact, they are not what we call club-houses. Places there are to keep boats and oars in pienty, near Putney, but that is ril. An American boat club would disdain them. Low, rambing junk shops, one story high, without even picturesqueness to render them attractive, line the muddy banks of the Thames where the tide deposits dirty old barges in the mud, and these line the muddy banks of the Thames where the tide deposits dirty old barges in the mud, and these that shops are literally jammed with boats and boating paraphernalia. A good many men in boating paraphernalia. A good many men in boating uniform were hanging about the houses as beating men will hang about, discussing the merits of crews and exchanging boating yarns with admiring watermen. A good many more were holed away in the rusty old "pubst" in the vicinity and how and then showing themselves at the windows of tap-rooms commanding the river view.

The Way to Find a Man.

[From the Chicago Journal.]
Said a friend to me the other day, "If I were destrous of finding some one I had lost track of, and had reason to suspect was in this city, I would never bother with advertisements to find them. Instead, I would simply take up my stand, either instead, I would simply take up my stand, either on the corner of Clark and Madia in streets or Madison and State, and wait for them to pass. For I have a theory that if a person is in Chicago and able to be out of doors he is sure to pass one or the other of those corners at least once a week anyway. Some seven years ago I parted from a friend in New York City. I never heard of him after till about two weeks ago, when I found that he was here in Chicago. I looked in the directory but failed to locate him. Then I determined to put my theory into practice, so I made a point of lingering around one of those corners for a haif an hour or so daily for about ten days, and my hopes were fully realized, for yesterday, just as I took up my station in from of a drug store on the corner, I beheld the object of my search. I can seite numberless instances of the same kind experienced by others who have related the incidents to me. I think I shall make a few more tests and then recommend the plan to my friends." Ch:

The Maiden Said No.

[From a Decater (III.) Special.]
James Fair this evening made an attempt to rry Barbara Davis, but when Justice Curtis had put the usual questions the young lady persistently refused to wed Mr. Fair, whereupon there, was refused to wed Mr. Pair, whereupon there, was a decided sensation. The father of the girl was present, and appeared to be greatly shocked. Miss favis quickly left the office, and went to her hone in the country in a wagon. Investigation developed the fact that the parants of the comety young lady have teen trying to force her to marry Pair, and sae came to this city and allowed the license to be procured, but at the last moment "took the bit is her mouth" and gave an emphatic "No" to the interrugation. The Justice was amazed, and the would-be groom looked as if the floor would sink with him. He got tway as best he count.

A RABBIT-HUNTER'S PREDICAMENT. sitting on a Live Perret While a Farme

An Eventro World reporter put in a day off on Saturday in the country. Setting out early in the morning with his gun on his shoulder he resolved to have rabbits for his Sunday dinner. A friend advised that he take a ferret as an assistant in getting the game out of their holes, and offered the loan of a specimen of the little animals which he

of a specimen of the little animals which he recommended as a remarkably fine beast, accompanying the loan with a word of warning that it was unlawful to hunt with a ferret, and that the farmers, the natural enemies of the sportsmen, were quick to resent any infringement of the law.

Upin Westchester County the man of notes ran upon a rabbit-hole, and, dropping the ferret into it, sat down to await the eviction of its tenant. After waiting about two minutes a farmer came that way, and, mindful of the warning of his friend, the sportsman, shifted his position so that his anatomy covered the hole. The farmer might be a special game constable, and at any rate it was safest to be cautious. The farmer passed the time o' day and then sat down on a knoll opposite the scribe to talk.

Evidently he hadn't seen anybody from the city since Christmas, for he needed posting on a number of points. He talked about everything under the sun, and some things that were not. He was assured that Jacob Sharp was still a guest of the county, and that Capt. Williams had been promoted. He received the latest political gossip, and information that the Volunteer won the yacht race. He discoursed in turn upon the variability of the weather, the cheapness of chestnuts and other topics that at almost any other period in the lite of the reporter would have been very interesting.

But this was an epoch in the history of the

have been very interesting.

But this was an epoch in the history of the scribe in which there was but one subject in which he could by any possibility interest himself. That ferret had concluded to come

himself. That ferret had concluded to come out into the world again!
Early in the little social chat with the farmer the sportsman felt a nibbling at his trousers. But the Westchester man kept right on talking. The reporter tried to keep up, but lost the drift several times, and once or twice the granger stopped to survey him, as if questioning whether his vis-a-vis were not an escaped lunatic from Bloomingdale Asylum. That was when the ferret took hold of more than trousers and the scribe made a grimace.

The farmer was the most sociable man on The farmer was the most sociable man on short acquaintance that the reporter ever met, but the ferret was more entertaining, and when he did finally come to an end of his social resources, and left to drive in the cows, the newspaper man was glad he was going, though he was so pleasant.

The reporter returned to the city a wiser man wearing his game has janually over the

man, wearing his game bag jauntily over the rear of his corduroys. Sunday's dinner menn at his house was the old and reliable corned beef and cabbage.

IT ASTONISHED THE HORSE.

Here Is un Able Varn That Cames Vouches

For from Georgia.

[From the Macon Telegiaph.]
The other night a young man from the country came in town with his horse and buggy and proceeded to do up the town in the best way he knew how. On his way home he happened to think jus as he reached the railroad crossing, near the city bridge, that he wanted to take one more drink as a night cap. A train was passing at the time and the long poles called a gate were down. He jumped out of his bugy and supposing the gate was a fence night cap. Atrain was passing at the time and the long poles called a gate were down. He jumped out of his buggy and supposing the gate was a fence hitched his horse to it, hard and fast by a rope around his neck and waddled off in the direction of a barroom. In the meantime the train having having passed, the watchman with his back to the gate proceeded to haul it by the windlass. The old horse felt the gate taking up the slack in the halter, but never dreamed that he was about to be hung up. Slowly but surely the gate was raised, and higher but surely the horse went up. The adadditional weight of a horse and buggy was not felt by the old watchman as he turned the crank, and the rope around the poor animal's neck kept kept him from even murmuring a complaint.

The old watchman fibally finished his winding and turned to go into his little box, when he saw a sight that paralyzed him. From the position of the horse, with his foreiegs clasped around the high pole, the old watchman's first thought that the horse had simply climbed up the pole. It took him a minute or so to decide whether he was drunk or dreaming, and saw an impossibility, or whether the pole got tangled up in the harness and carried the horse up with it. While he was thus deciding in his mind how it all came about the countryman had finished his night-cap and strived on the scene. The sight presented to him not only sobered him, but froze his young blood. It was a borrowed horse and he knew that it was a dead loss. He ran to and fro as if crazed and yelled out to some one to bring a ladder. The watchman by this time had recovered his senses and, rushing to the windlass, soon let the poor animal down.

It Was a Close Cull.

Baidheaded Timber claim, in Buckeye Guich, ran short of water, and one of the men was detailed to go down to the spring for a bucket. The moon had not yet risen and the night was pretty dark, so the miner took a candle with him to light the way. When he came to the spring he stooped down to fill his broket, but as he did so the cracking of a stick rapidly brought him to his feet. Holding the candle aloft, the man peered into the darkness in the direction of the sound, and what he saw there almost froze his blood with terror. Crouching down for a spring, within a dozen yards of the water, with waving tail and glaring eyebalis, he could see the form of an enormous mountain lion. The miner stood with the dickering light above his head staring at the appartition for some minutes until he at last found his voice, and he then lifted it up to the men above in splendid style. Armed with axes and a 22-calibre revolver, the whole of the miners and two dogs came running to the scene; but the lion didn't scare worth a cent, the dogs didn't feel disposed to begin the fight, and after a deliberate view of the situation the lion rose to his feet and leisurely strolled off toward the timber. Joe Day saw the same animal yesterday morning and declares that it strong four feet hish had not yet risen and the night was pretty dark, so saw the same animal yesterday morning and de-clares that it stood four feet high.

No Wonder He Was Thin.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]
While George Peck, of Feck's Sun, was making his Northwestern trip in the interests of dead prairie chickens a few weeks ago he had a little experience which makes him sigh every time he thinks of it. He was on a Wisconsin train headed thinks of it. He was on a Wisconsin train headed west, and just before it reached La Crosse he got into conversation with a stranger who sat opposite him who was probably the thinnest person at that time not engaged at a lucrative salary in a dime museum. He was so light he could hardly sit still. He had his coat-sleeves fastened down with clothes-pins. Peck estimated that he would weigh about eighty-five pounds with an overcoat on. Incidentally he learned that the stranger was a newspaper man. This caused a more familiar feeling, and after some time, as the thin gentleman grew rather confidential, Peck ventured to remark pleasantly:

"I'm afraid you haven't followed the injunction to laugh and grow fat."

to 'laugh and grow fat.'"
'No," replied the party of gun-barrel architecture, and Feck thought he could hear his lower law squeak on its hinges as he said it; ''no, I haven' been in a position where I could. For the last five years I have been proofreader on one of these dod-gasted humorous papers."

Counterfeit Dellars of Glass.

(From the Fuledo Blade.)
A Cincinnati detective who was here last night says that down there they are worried with counterfeit trade dollars made of a mixture of antimony and glass. "The story that the genuine coin is and grass. The story that the genuine coin is spit in two, hollowed out and filled with glass is not correct," said Mr. Detective. "A compound is made of antimony and glass, and this gives the ringing sound to the coins made therefrom. They are, however, lighter than the genuine, and if struck with a chieci will fly to pieces. We are constantly throwing out counterfeit coin, and latterly these glass dollars, although not a new counterfeit, have been again appearing."

" The World ' Want ' Columns," "THE WORLD ' WANT' columns " favor find With those who advertise, For advertisers bear in mind That through them "WANTS" of every kind Return the most replice,

And promptly, too, without oglay, As tens of thousands read Their varied lists from day to day To find therein the "WANTS" that they May chance to wish or need. J. J. W.

NOT EASY TO SMUGGLE NOW.

EVEN THE BUSTLE A PAILURE SINCE WO-MEN HAVE WATCHED WOMEN.

The Days When a Smile and a Bank-Note Would Pass Trunks are Over Men Not the Chief Offenders-A Young Lady's Ruse -Change in Size of a Clerical Gentleman's Legs-Tricks to Bring in Lace.



MUGGLING is not quite a "lost art," but it is ...
dence. The authorities do not encourage it, and the women inspectors are wet blankets on it. Men are so built that even the kets on it. Men are so built that even the sagest and sternest will melt under a woman's smile, and it is easy to disarm them. But

when woman is set

are a depreciated currency. The stream of returning natives that flows westward every summer from Europe always bears on its tide some women whose sense of duties is not a restraining one: not Custom-House duties, at all events. Men occasionally smuggle, but half the time it is at the instigation of some Delilah. Foreigners do not bring much beyond their personal effects with them. So the fair American, who has driven her husband or her father wild by a lavish expenditure on laces, tries to soothe the hot wrath she has aroused by economizing on the Custom-

There are some who are restrained by the idea that it is wicked. The class that entertains this view is small, and generally those who belong to it are not of that portion of humanity which is given to laces, diamonds, and such purely worldly delights. The sin with the majority of the good creatures consists in getting found out. They are some-thing like the Spartans of old, who did not regard abstracting another's goods or lying about it as anything very wrong, but who were overwhelmed with a keen sense of dis-

about it as anything very wrong, but who were overwhelmed with a keen sense of disgrace at getting caught.

"It's all right; I don't do the Government any harm." is the way the smuggling women argue, and so they set their brains to work, wondering by what neat device they can introduce foreign productions into their native land without paying the tribute which the country demands.

These devices are manifold, although it must be confessed that most of them are "chestnuts." That obtrusive article in the feminine attire which makes sitting down difficult for her, and which makes her a burden to the man of taste when she stands upreally seemed to have a manifest utility when it was first introduced. What a natural receptacle for laces the bustle scemed to be! It was like the knapsack which the soldier wears, it is fullest on the march. So many yards of point d'Angouleme can be stowed away in the hollow, cage-like projection. The bulk of one's body is not increased. A woman could transfer quite a variety of dutiable valuable valuables there without making the passengers wonder how she got so stout the day of entering port. ing the passengers wonder how she got so stout the day of entering port. But alas! the very obviousness of the

But alas! the very obviousness of the bustle's value as a quarter for the secretion of treasure has made it an object of the severest suspicion. The inspectresses probe it severely. One worthy female had drawn a lesson from it, however, which she intended to put into practice. She had a large cloth pocket made and stuffed it with forbidden fruit. She suspended it somewhere about her person where it was not obtruded on the gaze. It adorns at present one of the doors of the Custom-House, in a state of sad vacuity. It is hung upon the outer wall, as they used to stick the heads of executed men upon the city gates, that it may serve as a lesson to the city gates, that it may serve as a lesson to the tempted to withstand the evil desire of getting ahead of the Custom-House. It is a sad sight, a conspicuous failure, the fallen monument of a woman's invention. One of the time-worn methods was to slip a

One of the time-worn methods was to ship a bill, with a number not too small on its green face, into the inspector's hand as that worthy approached the "Saratogas," pre-pared to ruin the careful packing of a patient "If you would kindly get through with my things quickly so I won't be detained too long, I should be so obliged:"

long, I should be so obliged!"

This, with one of those ravishing smiles by which a woman seems to take a man into her confidence, has been known to achieve happy results. The gallant officer lifted up the lid, turned over a pair of gloves or a hankerchief and fussed about with much appearance of anxious search for a few moments, then closed the trunk and chalked it as "passed."

But the chivalry of those days is greatly gone. Her own sex are not as open to bribery, and the sunny smile which softened the man hardens the womae. To-day a cus-

gone. Her own sex are not as open to bribery, and the sunny smile which softened the man hardens the womae. To-day a customs officer will hesitate to tell you the name of his eldest born for fear of disastrous consequences to the father of the boy.

But women still wind laces around their bodies and sew things into their dresses. One grande dame sailed down the gangway with an open, confiding look that was innocence itself. She had four valuable shawls sewed in her dress under the lining. And she would have got through all right had she not concealed some things in her trunk as well as on her person. These were discovered, and then they "went through her."

The variety of things which the smuggling genius exercises his secretive powers upon is enormous. But the most common articles are cigars, cigarettes, diamonds, laces, head trimming, cloth, snuff and liquors. Santa Cruz rum is one of the favorite brands with the smuggler. It can be bought cheap in the West Indies, and it fetches a good price here, especially if there are no duties to be paid.

Vessels from Havana must be five days out of port before they can land their passengers here. The run from there to New York does not take more than four, so they are quarantined for the remainder of the time. While thus quarantined boxes containing cigars are dropped over into small boats and landed at Bay Ridge or the Jersey coast. Some thousands of cigars were lately seized that were escaping the Custom-House tariff by this method.

A lady who was returning from abroad had

method.

A lady who was returning from abroad had a very handsome cashmere shawl. With her was a young lady friend.

"I wish I could get that through without paying duty on it," remarked the elder woman.

"I will do it for you," answered the young woman. The night was rainy when they

woman. The night was rainy when they landed, and wrapping the shawl around her with the carelessness of an old covering, she sallied forth into the wet with it. She wore it so much as if it were an "old thing" that she didn't mind about that the officers never dream of its being anything but a long were

she didn't mind about that the officers never dreamt of its being anything but a long-worn personal effect.

An amusing thing happened with a lady who came from the States to Canada. She would have a little fun, so she laughingly said: "You won't find out where I have got my things." When they arrived at the Custom-House, the inconvenience to which she was put by the thorough search which was instituted somehow evened things up a little for the others with whom she had amused herself.

A gentleman with rather a clerical cast of

herself.

A gentleman with rather a clerical cast of features and an expression that seemed to tell of another and better world than this was coming home with his wife, who was a very fashionable body. One peculiar point in the gentleman's make-up was a pair of very thin legs. His trousers used to flap about their slender supports. When he issued from the stateroom, a short time before the stamer arrived, some one who was near exclaimed: "Why, look at Mr. Smith's legs!" They

were quite a plump, respectable pair of limbs, and his trousers showed a better fit than they had ever done before. His legs filled them out roundly. He succeeded in getting through, his placid, clerical look standing him in good stead. When he got home his wife unwound the lace which swathed her lord's nether limbs, and the wind once more flapped his trousers about his emaciated legs.

Many people have the thought that rich laces could be easily managed by sewing them in large quantity on dresses as trimming. But if the officer thinks that there is an attempt to evade the duties in this way, he can selze the article. He cuts the basting thread and the whole lace pulls off without the least difficulty. If it were meant for trimming the would be sewed on to the garment in a stronger way.

ment in a stronger way.

But the Custom-House has done a good deal lately to discourage the art of smuggling and the fair voyagers are beginning to think that the safer way is to show their goods and

that the safer way is to show their goods and pay the duties.

However, it will be a millennium when the feminine mind ceases altogether to be carried away by the prospect of getting a preclous parcel through the Custom-House. This is too much to ask. It is more alluring than getting a fine thing at a bargain on a shopping tour. Some will ever yield, and the old way of reasoning still holds, that luck will be better than it has been with others.

[From the Chicago Pribune.]
It was in Western Nebraska, and we had travelled since noon without seeing a human habita tion. About 5 o'clock we came to a small house by the side of the scarcely recognizable trail. We could see ten miles to the west across the level sandy, half-barren prairie, and almost as far to the north and south, but this was the only sign of civilization in view. A man was sitting by the door. I walked over and after a little preliminary onversation said:
''Got a claim here?''

A lonesome-looking cow which had been stand-ing near came up with a foriorn air as if glad to again hear human voices.

'Yes, I took a claim here six months ago and have been holding it since.",

'Live all alone?"

"Yes,"
'Yes,"
'Don't you find it rather lonesome?" I continued, as sorry appearing dog came around the corner from where he had been howling dismaily over the want of society.
'Oh, no, I don't notice it being lonesome."
'Ah, that is so? Always lived in a new country away from other people, I suppose?"
'No, I lived right in town for twenty years before Leave here."

fore I came here."

I noticed that our mules were beginning to get uneasy and frequently started ahead—the solitude was too much for them. The wind moaned dismaily through the sage-brash.

"If you've lived in town so long it's funny you don't get lonesome here," I replied. "What place did you say it was?"

"St. Louis."

None for Her.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]
"Madame," he began as the door opened, "I am selling a new book on Etiquette and Deportment.

there on the grass and clean the mud off your Take off your hat! Never address a strange

lady at her door without removing your hat."

'Yes'm. Now, then, as I was saying"—

'Take your hands out of your pockets! No gentleman ever carries his hands there."

'Yes'm. Now, ma'am, this work on Eti"—

'Throw out your end. If a gentleman uses to-bacco he is careful not to disgust others by the habit."

habit." 'Yes'm. Now, ma'am, in calling your attention to this valuable"—it wait! Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight and une less grease on your hair. Now you look half way decent. You have a book on Ettquette and Deportment. Very well. I don't want it. I am only the hired girl. You can come in, however, and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a liar this morning, and I think she needs something of the kind."

Not a Clock in Sight.

in the Maiden lane stores to give each pedestrian who passes through the street during the day at least a dozen to take home with him, and yet, with the exception of one or two which have made with the exception of one or two which have made semi-occasional appearances in show-windows be-tween Broadway and Nissau street, there is not a single public clock on the thoroughfare. Court-land street, on the contrary, has several excellent clocks for the guidance of the morning and even-ing throng of hurrying commuters, who can again verify their time by consulting the Pennsylvania Italiroad's excellent timeplece at the ferry. If some enterprising firm would only put out a good-sized street clock its members would have to walk under unbreilas for a long time in order to protect under umbrellas for a long time in order to protect themselves from the grateful blessings showered upon their heads by an appreciative public

Conveyance of Disease.

(| From Harpet's Basar, | It is well known that contagion is not infrequently carried by the common return postagestamp inclosed in letters. No one is able to know the condition of the mouth of the person who has wet one corner of the stamp in order to attach it to
the inside of the letter; no one knows under what
conditions it may have been while in the pocketbook or diary of a person exposed to various fevers or germ diseases, or whether it may not have
lain on a desk in some house where such sickness
prevails. Equal danger also lies in a great deal of
the money in circuistion, if applied to the mouth,
as we often see a piece of money in the street-cars
or otherwise. This is fortunately such a violation
of good breeding that it is fast ceasing to be a custom. Safety lies in applying neither postage-stamp
nor money to the mouth. wet one corner of the stamp in order to attach it to

A Lively Town.

[From the Des Moines Leader.]
A letter received from John Miller, formerly of the Register, but now running a sheet of his own at Fort Smith, Ark., says: "Dear A. —: This is a grand country for newspaper work. Have been here only one week and had two bully hangin's. There is a report current that two men were killed over in the nation to-day, while three others were badly wounded. We don't use items here that weigh less than eight pounds each—but I hear a shot around the corner, and must fly. So-long."

A MERCHANT PRINCE'S LOT.

flow a Well-known and Prominent Man Travelled Four Thousand Miles to Find the Object of His Search at His Own

Mr. L. Z. Leiter, a retired member of the firm of Field, Leiter & Co., of Chicago, has passed through an experience which, in its nature, is far too common with many other prominent men and women. Mr. Leiter had a child that, although the greatest care was exercised, gradually faded, became puny and fell intic a decline. Alast these fell into a decline. Alas! there are many homes in which the same experience is being enacted to-day. Possessed of ample means, Mr. Laster determined day. Possessed of ample means, Mr. Leiter determined to consult the most celebrated physicians in the world, and hence took his child to Paris. The eminent French dector whom he consulted, thinking Mr. Leiter was an Englishman, after a careful examination, said:

"Your child needs no medicine and cannot be helped by drugs. But if you have the means and time and can go to America, there is a wonderful spring in that land,

the water of which will, I am sure, restore your child to health. All the leading physicians of Europe know of

the water of which will, I am sure, restore your child to beaith. All the leading physicians of Europe know of this wonderful spring, are aware of its remarkable qualities, and know that for all diseases of the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs, or for delicate women and feeble children, nothing can be compared with it. Indeed, it is really the only water known to science which, while possessing almost marvellous renuedial powers, is palatable, clear as crystal and oan be freely drank."

"And what is the name of this wonderful water," asked Mr. Leiter.

"And what is the name of this wonderful water," asked Mr. Leiter.

Publicably the advice he had travelled over four thousand miles to secure, Mr. Leiter returned home and allowed his child to drink freely of Betliesda. In every weeks a complete cure was effected and the child became strong and well. These are no dide facts, but such as thousands of other men and women in all parts of the land have confirmed as to the value of these waters in their own experience. Betheads is the most pure, palatable and powerful water known to the world to-day. It will cure the first stages of Bright's disease in nearly every instance. It will correct all irregularities and regulate the systems of men, women and children as no other known agancy can, it is highly indereed by such men as Senators Dorsey and Windom, and constantly prescribed by such have been restored by its markable popularity it has a car is uperies, and the rumarkable popularity is becoming more marked every day,

HUNTER GREEN'S AWFUL PATE.

He Had Treed a Fine Coon, but Got Treed Himself Also. [Columbia (Ky.) Despatch to the Courier-Jour

man named Green, who resided on the Glasrow road, a half mile out of town, was coonunting this evening just after dark, and "treed" game in a hollow elm on Mr. Coffee's place, just north of Columbia, near the Campbellsville turnpike. As the raccoon was known to be in one of the two great limbs of the tree, and as the fork afforded a place where he could stand and use the axe. Mr. Green concluded not to chop down use the axe, Mr. Green concluded not to chop down the tree, but to climb to the fork and cut off the hollow limb. Accordingly he put off his shoes, and barefooted stood in the crotch, about twelve feet from the ground, and went to work. The tree leaned so much that the hollow limb, although the upper one, impended over the other and before it was half cut through it began to settle. Mr. Green's idea evidently was to cut it to fall to the left; but it was only a shell and its upper support gave way, allowing it to close down upon his leg. Thus confined he had to stay and feel it slowly settle across his breast, which it crossed in the direction of a line from his left hip to his right shoulder. He realized his awful situation, and called to his twelve-year-old son that he was dying. No other person was with him, and in less than three minutes the help-less lad beheld his face blacken and saw his struggles cease. Hurrying off to Columbia, he gave the alarm, and a large body of men ran out to the scene. The upper limb had fallen upon the lower and stopped, yet hanging firmly by the uncut part, and holding the lifeless body as in the tolis of a boa-constrictor. The tree was at once felled and the limbs were separated, allowing the body of the unfortunate man to be removed. Dr. Grady and Dr. Wood were promptly on hand, but it was clear that no relief could be provided. Blood was issuing from the mouth, the nostrils, the eyes and the cars, and life was wholly gone.

The remains were carried to the court-house on a ladder, and thence to his home in a patrol wagon.

Mr. Green was an ex-soldier, and was about to the tree, but to climb to the fork and cut off the hol-

wagon.

Mr. Green was an ex-soldier, and was about to receive a pension. He leaves a large family, consisting of a wife, several daughters and one son. With the failure to realize the pension they will be in destitute circumstances.

[From the Watertown Times.]
In tearing up the old mailing table just discarded at the Ogdensburg Post-Office, sixty-seven letters were found which, during the many years it ha been in use, had slipped through cracks in the black-ash boxes and hid away between the lining and outside of the shutes leading to bags of the outgoing mail. The postmarks on some of them showed they were malled as far back as 1873, four-teen years ago. One of them contained a foreign money order that had been duplicated by the post-office several years ago.

The New American Vice.

[From the San Francisco Report.] The morphine habit is spreading with frightfu rapidity in San Francisco. It is a prevalent vice among even young girls. There is only too much reason to believe that some of our druggists sell the deadly poison to minors without asking any

${f EXTRA}$

JAKE SHARP TO BE FREED.

Another Important Stay Secured -Tremendous Excitement in Both Legal and Boodle Circles.

ALBANY, Oct. 17.-Important and authentic news ha just been received from Albany that places an entirely new complexion upon the Jacob Sharp case. It has been well known for some time past that Sharp's friends and lawyers have made the most strenuous efforts to delay the old man's progress towards Sing Sing, and if monoy, in-fluence and legal talent could do it, to finally free him

It is a well-known fact, despite the superficial examination and the adverse report made by the physician sent by Mr. Martine to examine Sharp, that he is a very ill man, suffering not only from a peculiar and exhausting disease of a nervous and cerebral origin, but also from saccharine diabetes, also a nerve disease, although hav-ing its principal manifestations through the kidneys. One Ing its principal manifestations through the kidneys, One year in Sing Sing to Sharp in his present condition would mean almost certain death, and would be equivalent to ten years to a perfectly healthy man.

There can be no question from the startling facts in our possession but that there is a strong and determined off-fort being made to free Sharp entirely, not from Sing Sing, but from this terrible nervous disease that is proyring upon his vitality, robbing him of sleep and subjecting him to intense nervous energy. His doctors, we are assured, have at last laid saids all the single properties of the use in his case of Dr. Buckland's Scotch Osta Essence which has been ursed upon him by almost several the strong strong str we are assured, have at last laid aside all prejudice and have consented to the use in his case of Dr. Buckland's Scotch Oats Essence, which has been urged upon him by aimost every friend and every member of his family. Every great remedy, every great discovery, has, as hirtory teaches us, met with the most decided opposition from the very men who should have been the first to recognize their value. Jenner, the discovers of vaccination, was hounded by the best men of his profession for many pars.

The majority of the medical profession have accepted Scotch Oats Essence as the greatest nerve and brain tonic, as well-sensed, ever discovered. Some few achieves the proofs hammered in our against it, but they will have the proofs hammered in their heads by the harder with the discovery of the proofs hammered in their heads by the harder has done in those of thousands of others, many much worse than his, a stay is certain, and he will gain his freedom unconditionally from a far more gloomy and serious fate than ever Sing Sing could offer.

Sharp's talented lawyers know as well what Nature's great Nerve Food and Brain Invigorant can do and has done, as well as do his friends or his physicians. They know that many a case of Death, Inaanity, Brain Softening, Paralysis and the like, from overwork, over-strain (mental and nervous). Neuralgia, Sick Headache, Nervous Rahaustion, Impotency, Sterility, Hysteria and Diabetes, have been averted or cured by this great remedy. What better proof does any doctor want than the testimony of Brown-Sequard, Burdon, Sanderson, Hammond, Roberts and like eminent men, far in advance of the medical biguity of their times. Worth \$50 a bottle to nervous invalids, yet it costs but \$1. All druggists keep it.

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